

## The Survivor Pays

## The Wages of Sin.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



THERE is just one thought in New York to-day, one topic, the murder of Stanford White by Harry Thaw, committed, according to the latter's story, to avenge his wife, whom the former is said to have betrayed.

We have all formed an opinion about it probably. And our centuries of training by novelists and sentimentalists have declared themselves in the wholly unreasoning sympathy most of us feel for the slayer.

Women certainly will sympathize with Thaw, men, who generally apply the wages-of-sin platitudes only to women and consider themselves exempt from it, will be sterner in their judgment.

In the most stupendous tragedy in the criminal history of New York there is just one serene, dispassionate, thoroughly comfortable person—the victim.

The consequences to young Thaw, to his family, to his victim's family will end only with their lives. If he had sought revenge on any or all of them the course he took would have been entirely efficacious.

But to kill a man is the poorest method of being revenged on him.

Thaw merely gave his enemy a new sensation—something he had sought in vain probably for twenty years. The latter's relatives, innocent and cultivated persons, will bear the burden he escaped.

If the wages of Sin be, indeed, Death, Sin is the kindest taskmaster of them all to the sinner, the harshest, most cruelly exacting to the survivor who has to pay him.

Revenge is not a modern passion, because most of us have common sense enough to realize that since the rack and the thumb-screw went out of fashion and the beneficent pistol came in all adequate instruments of vengeance have been taken away from us.

We may think we don't commit murder because of righteousness. But as a matter of fact we refrain largely because the consequences to ourselves would be far more grievous than to the victim. The prohibition against it is based on the realization that it is bad for us collectively as society, and we respect it because it would be bad for us individually as well.

Murder in its lowest form—that is, for money—sometimes has its rewards. The murderer may have spent or hidden his gains before the police get him, but the murderer for revenge simply puts his enemy out of the frying pan, and himself into the fire.

Of course, if a woman wants a man to kill another for her under the circumstances involved in the Thaw case, I don't see what else she can do. It is her point of view that is incomprehensible. However much she may have been wronged, if she is worth while she would rather be considered the most sophisticated sinner in New York than voluntarily appear any man's helpless victim. Sometimes, despite herself, she has the pose thrust upon her, but in any event she never thrusts it upon any one else.

How much of the present tragedy was due to a woman's urging, how much to wine and cigarettes, we may never know. The moral of it, however, and of all similar catastrophes is that tragedy is inefficacious and does not pay.

BETTY VINCENT'S  
ADVICE TO LOVERS.

WE hear every day this explanation: "But it was such a little thing!" Perhaps. It all depends on the point of view and who is doing the talking. What is "a little thing" to some looks as big to somebody else as the pyramid of Cheops.

You know we all look at things in a different way, and it is a good thing we do. It would be a deplorable state of affairs if everybody's taste was the same. We would all want Mary Ann—and of course there wouldn't be enough Mary Anns to go round. Now, as it is, we ought all to be satisfied if we look round long enough—but not too long. (Remember the words of Rudyard Kipling, "The more you have seen of the others, the less you will settle to one.") It is a time-honored saying that people whose natures are very different get along with each other the best. This is very easy to figure out. We are not always anxious to have our motives, our real, actual motives, exhibited and understood. It is very often just as well that nobody but just ourselves knows them. Never mind why—but it is just exactly as well. If we are constantly associated with some one whose nature is just like ours we know what their moves mean every minute, while, on the other hand, if the person who is closest to us is entirely different we will never be deceived. Think what high motives have been put down to our credit at times by those who did not understand us! However, there are always enough of those who do to keep us from spending any wings.

But we are getting away from the point. Before fussing over one of these "little things" that buzz around and annoy, consider for a moment how the person who did it meant it, and perhaps if you can put yourself in his or her place a moment it will dawn on you that it is such a little thing that it is nothing at all.

All perplexed young people can obtain expert advice on their tangled love affairs by writing to BETTY VINCENT. Letters for her should be addressed to BETTY VINCENT, Evening World Post-Office Box 151, New York.

## Will Go with Other Men.

Dear Betty: I am deeply in love with a young girl. I have done everything in my power to have her give up the company of other young gentlemen, but she still insists upon going out with them, and especially with those to whom I have a particular dislike. Do you think it advisable for me to keep on in this way when I have other advantages which I have not taken, owing to my great love for her?

BROKEN-HEARTED. If you want to marry her, ask her, and then demand all her attention. Otherwise you have no right to expect what you do for her.

## Wants to Learn.

Dear Betty: I am a young woman connected with more than one society and am appointed to make reports, but am a very poor talker. The man I love is angry because I am unable to speak. What can I do to improve myself? Are there any books that will help me? Where can I get them? I am willing to learn. I am poor and have to work for a living. P. H. S. You can get spelling books and copy-books at almost any book store. If you try, there is no reason why you should not come up to your friend's ideas very shortly.

## She Is Very Pretty.

Dear Betty: I AM a young girl of seventeen and very pretty, so they tell me. I have been going with a young man of eighteen for four years and I love him very dearly. But I am afraid if I marry him my life would not be a pleasant one. He makes \$5 a week and smokes and drinks continually.

MARIE TURNER. In the first place he is not making enough to support himself, even if he were most exemplary. Do not be in a hurry to marry at your age. There is lots of time.

## Those Girl's!

Dear Betty: I AM a boy of sixteen and have been very fond of a girl of fifteen until some months back. The beach was caused by her girl friends. At a party a few weeks ago we became quite friendly again, but the next day she would not speak to me. I think some jealous friends of hers are causing the trouble. Kindly advise me. R. T. Ask her about it and find out what the trouble is. If it is the girls, go to them and make them correct their statements.

## In Love with Her Doctor.

Dear Betty: I AM in love with a young doctor about my age, but do not know whether he loves me or not. I want to know if he loves me. I am having my ears treated by him and when I am in his office he makes a great fuss over me but he has never told me he loved me and never asked me to go out with him. ANXIOUS. I do not think he loves you. Perhaps it is just his way to make much of people he treats.

## HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

## For Blackheads.

G—I do not like anything better than the cure of blackheads than cleanliness. For blackheads are no more nor less than dirt, grime and accumulation of everyday foreign matter which clogs the pores. Wash every night with a scrubbing-brush, not too stiff, but with firm bristles, soap and warm water. Rub the face thoroughly and dry carefully. Repeat this daily.

## A Trio of Troubles.

LONG ISLAND—I give you remedies for each one of the troubles of which you write: First, for Freckles—Bichloride of mercury in coarse powder, 8 grains; white hazel, 2 ounces; rose water, 2 ounces. Agitate until a solution is obtained. Moop over

the affected parts. Keep out of the way of ignorant persons and children. Second, for Blackheads—Salicylic acid, 50 grains; lard or vaseline, 50 grains. The substances are thoroughly blended by stirring or beating. Apply at night, wash off in the morning with warm water and a pure soap. Third, Eczema—Brow and Eyelash Grower—Red vaseline, 2 ounces; tincture of cantharides, 1-8 ounce; oil of lavender, 15 drops; oil of rosemary, 15 drops. Mix thoroughly. Apply to the eyebrows with a tiny toothbrush once a day until the growth is sufficiently stimulated. Then less often. This ointment may be used for the eyelashes also. In this case it should be very carefully applied. It will inflame the eyes, as any oil will, if it gets into them.

## Tooth Powder.

COLLEGIANS—Here is an excellent tooth powder: Arca nut charcoal, 5 ounces; cuttlefish bone, 2 ounces; raw Arca nuts, powdered, 1 ounce. Pound and mix. Two or three drops of oil of cloves or of castor may be added if a perfume is required.

## THE 'JOLLY' GIRLS—THEY Win! By George McManus



## Dominick, the Head Waiter.

"I envy in the heart of us that makes the world golden," said Dominick, the head waiter, this morning. "What is your philosophical horizon?" we asked as we scanned the menu card. "I've been a thinkin'," said he, as he looked out on a monster yellow and gold auto car. "That all this talk about the extravagance of the country don't mean anything because it's the extravagant people that give work to me and the waiter boys that you see around here in dress-suits, that cost more than the clothes for a whole staff of help in some of the old-fashioned eating places."

LETTERS FROM  
THE PEOPLE.

## Shortest "Alphabet" Sentence.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Is there any record of a complete, "grammatically correct" sentence being composed of the twenty-six letters of the alphabet, each letter used once only? If not, please name shortest sentence of which you can find record that contains all letters of the alphabet.

FRANK J. HOLACHECK, OAKLAND, CA.

The following thirty-two letter sentence is supposed to be the shortest complete sentence containing all the twenty-six letters of the alphabet: "Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs."

Yes.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I am in mourning for my mother. Is it correct for me to wear a straw hat?

ROBERT.

Needs No Papers. Is a Citizen.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Must a boy born in this country take out his citizen papers in order to vote in case his father is no citizen, or is he already a citizen? B. B. H.

Yes and Germans.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I would like to call attention to the disease-breeding condition of ice sold to families in tenements. Small dealers often have places of business in cellars and keep the ice on the sidewalk at the gutter, covered with dirt, rags and paper and blankets. Little children come and lick and eat this ice. The ice is covered with dirt. This ice ought not to be allowed on the walk. A. W.

Yes.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Is a man born in the United States or American parents a citizen when he becomes twenty-one years, whether he votes or not? J. J. C.

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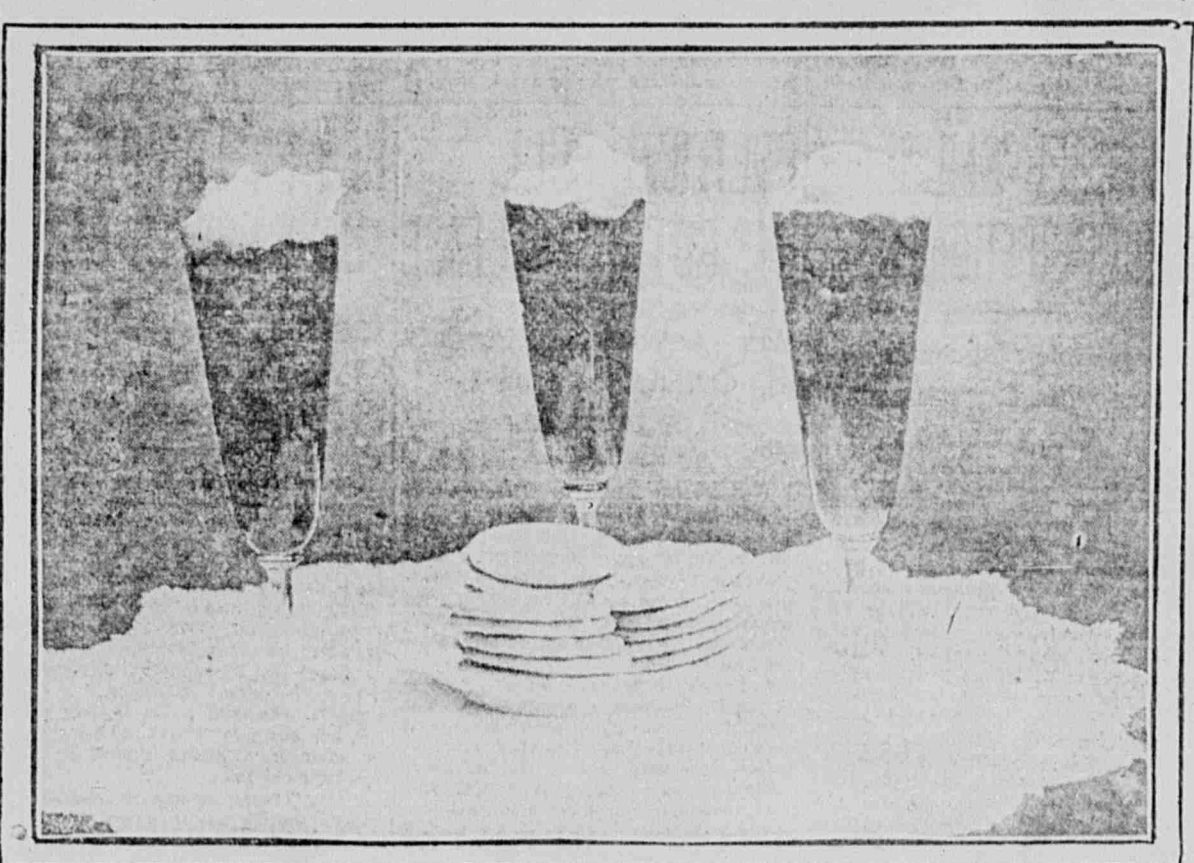
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"Cafe Parfait," a Simple and  
Delicious Summer Drink.

COFFEE or "cafe parfait," as it is often called, deserves to be better known. It is more delicious than iced tea, and simpler to make. First make good strong coffee, allowing a heaping tablespoonful of coffee to a cup of water.

When the water comes to a boil pour it on the coffee, which has first been moistened with cold water. Boil about ten minutes.

When cold strain and bottle it; then pack it in salt and ice until it is almost at the freezing point.

Serve it in tall glasses, such as are used for frappe, and put on the top of each a spoonful of whipped cream or vanilla ice cream.

Small wafers are all that is served with it.

Carrots a la Flamande. CUT the carrots in rounds, first boil for five minutes, then put them into a saucepan, in which has been melted a tablespoonful of fresh butter; add a tablespoonful of white sugar; allow them to cook until reduced in quantity and put in more butter if too dry; chop herbs and add before they are quite done; also two spoonfuls of rich milk or cream. There should be sufficient sauce for covering them. Serve with thin slices of bread cut in dice.

Cucumber Salad. TAKE two solid cucumbers, slice very thin, add salt and pepper to taste, and one part of sour milk (the milk should be very thick). Mix all together, pour on ice for fifteen minutes before serving.

Shrimp Sauce. IN this the fish should be very fresh. Take one pint of shrimp and mix them with half a pint of melted butter to which a few drops of essence of anchovies, a little mace and cayenne have been added. As soon as the shrimp have been heated through dish and serve the sauce, which ought not to boil after they have been put in. Add a few spoonfuls of cream. It is then ready to serve.

Tartar Sauce. BEAT together the yolks of two eggs, one teaspoonful of oil, and three tablespoonfuls of vinegar. When all is well beaten add one tablespoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of chopped capers, the same quantity of chopped cucumbers pickles, the juice of one lemon and one-half teaspoonful of pepper and a pinch of cayenne if desired.

Spinach Souffles. TAKE one pound of spinach, three raw yolks of eggs, four raw whites of eggs, two tablespoonfuls of cream, salt, pepper, a few browned crumbs. Have some parsley little fancy paper cups or pate cups, oil them slightly and let them stand for a while to dry. Pick over and wash the spinach and put it in a saucepan with about two tablespoonfuls of water, and boil till it is just soft. Drain off and press out all the moisture. Chop and add to the spinach puree the yolks of eggs, slightly seasoned and lastly the white whisked stiff. These must be very lightly stirred in. Put enough of this mixture to half fill the cases; sprinkle a few of the browned crumbs on the top of each; bake in a moderate oven about ten minutes. Serve immediately on taking them out of the oven.

THE SERMONS  
OF A SINNER.

By Roy L. McCardell.

Text: Borrowed Bother.



WE seldom worry as much over our own troubles, Dearly Beloved, as we trouble ourselves over the worries of others.

We put up with many annoyances that we have all our own, and work ourselves into wild rages over impositions that we insist others shall not endure.

Full many a time, and oft, commuters, choking in the Grand Central tunnel, will be affected to tears at reading articles in the newspapers about the hardships of toilers working in ill-ventilated sweatshops.

How many feuds start in darkest Kentucky because a hog belonging to one family has been scalded while trespassing by the hired girl of another family!

Then a chain of homicide is started that never ends till all the male forty-second cousins on both sides have formed the nucleus of a backwoods burying.

Near at home we butt into the quarrels of our brothers-in-law with our wife's half-sisters, and take up the quarrels of our children, and are still at odds and lawing over them when our brothers-in-law and our wife's half-sisters are thick as thieves and the children in question have made up, grown up and married.

How often, Dearly Beloved, do we become embroiled in a fuss among our friends, and after spoiling many of our days and nights in nervous rage over the matter find the parties of the first and second part chummy as of old, and both united in believing that if it were not for us they would "have never had a word."

Jogging along through life would be dull and attended with but little exasperation if we stood up for our own rights and less for the rights of others.

When a gentleman is beating his wife and the lady calls loudly for help, then it is when fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

When street boys engage in fistfights and the meddling person stops the fight the combatants retire, and, with a united front, from a safe distance promptly stone the peacemaker.

The arbitrator, in the goodness of his heart, decides a mooted question in haste that would have settled itself in time. He gets no gratitude from the side he favors and is never forgiven by the side he decides against.

Strictly enjoined by some one to do a favor for him or her, we used up our time, our patience and our nerve force to do it, only to be told: "Oh, I'm so sorry you did that. I had decided not to bother about it, and now I am embarrassed terribly!"

They never think how much we are embarrassed. Out of one hundred unpleasant things that happen to you ninety-nine will occur on other people's account.

The most amiable man or woman in the world is drawn into scrapes through their efforts to keep others out of them.

But what is to be done, Dearly Beloved? Only the selfish have no trouble. The fact that in the cause of others we receive hard knocks is because we bear our own wrongs easily, but fly to the defense of those we love when we even suspect injury to them.

Philosophy has a cold heart. And perhaps while we are fighting the battles of others, another brother is fighting our battles for us.

It costs more to revenge wrongs than to endure them, but no matter what the outcome seems to be, we never lose by doing a good act.

Think this, at least, and let it be some cooling comfort when in waving our hands to warn others of danger we run into the trouble ourselves.

## Subway Spasms by Barnes.

No. 2—A Tootsie-Wootsie Tragedy.

HER little feet were quite petite; So very dainty, chic and neat; We saw them thus— Yes, some of us— Upon the road of Choke and Fuss.

She stood a while— Perhaps a mile— And then she lost her happy smile; Some would-be beau Stopped on her toe, And made it look like this, you know.

And in the rush, The push and crush Her feet began to look like mush; And then poor sis— I mean that miss— Went out of there with feet like this.

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## May Manton's Daily Fashions.

EVERY sort of light wrap is in vogue this season, and the jaunty capes that give an Eton effect are among the latest and best liked. This one is adapted to silk, to chiffon, to linen and to cotton equally well and provides just the protection needed on a summer day. In the illustration it is made of pale blue radium silk and matches the skirt, the collar being of moire antique of the same shade. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3 1/2 yards 21, 3 yards 27 or 2 yards 41 inches wide, with 1-1 yard 21 inches wide for the collar. Pattern 5395 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure. Cape Eton Pattern No. 5395.

Special Announcement—A handsome supplement will be issued with The Evening World June 30, containing a color page of May Manton Summer Fashions of interest to women.

How to Obtain These Patterns—Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.